

THE RULING PASSION.

A tiny lot of my three,
Sweet as the dew the roses inhale,
My first dance upon my knee
The while I tell her my love's tale.

Unclouded is her heart's blue
"No care," "no pain," "no life distress"
"Dear me," says she, "I wonder how
I'd better make my life's dress!"

A fair young bride in queenly gown
Comes down the grand cathedral aisle;
And on her lips a smile is seen,
And in her heart a prayer—not vain.

For truthfully she must confess
She's thinking this: "I'd like to know
What folks are saying of my dress!"

A matron near the gates of death
With weeping kindred at her side,
All fearful that each fleeting breath
Will bear her soul across the tide.

She tries to speak; she faintly cries
The kindly form that bends above
And with her dying breath she gasps:
"See that my shroud is ruled like love!"

If all the Scriptures say is true,
There'll be more women, less to one,
In that sweet by and by where you
And I may meet in life's domain.

But all the joys designed to bless—
Bright crowns and harps with golden strings—
Won't please the women there unless
Each has the closest pair of wings.

—Memorable Appeal.

SARAH DOUDNEY
of Life-Saving Society

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Charles Dickens wrote about the Savoy churchyard and the quiet prelate. "I think that on summer nights the dew falls here," he said; "the only dew that is shed in London, beyond the tears of the homeless." And these very words may be spoken of this spot to-day, so green and fresh is the grass and so beautiful are the trees. The place is unchanged and the familiar figure of the chaplain, known and loved by everybody, is still constantly seen in his old haunts. The surroundings are altered; "the simple dwelling houses, with their white doorsteps and green blinds," have been swept away; but the coales still "touch their noses" to him as he glides about, and the children's faces brighten at his greeting.

The churchyard was quiet and deserted when Olive ventured in and sat down to rest upon a seat under the trees. She was in perfect harmony with the fragrant lights and shadows; and the grave beneath the old gray walls, on which the record of centuries was written so legibly, yet without any sign of neglect or decay. The chapel, in its venerable strength, stood in the midst of all the scenes of life, and linked the present to the past. In that old church, the good and peaceful Fuller spoke loving words to those who sat within the walls, and crowded about the windows, and doors to get within reach of his voice. And there, too, he preached his last sermon to the wedding couple, who were members of his flock, and was carried out of his beloved sanctuary to die. There were no regrets for the dignities so lately bestowed upon him, no troubles about worldly things; but only "all humble thankfulness and submission to God's welcome providence."

Olive sat there and meditated, and saw the yellow leaves dropping slowly in the still sunshine. Watching them idly at first, she began, after a time, to remember that the old was too strong within the sun and dew of spring; and all the freshness and fragrance of those earlier days came back to her with a sudden thrill, stirring her with emotions which she had believed to be all dead and dead. How soon the autumn of her life had come! It was tranquil; it might be sweet; but the gladness of springtime is the one irrevocable joy that, in this world, can never be granted to us again.

She was no longer bitter and desolate, yet the sense of a lost youth (which comes often to those still young) than to the old, was too strong for her at this moment. Something arose in her throat; the tears filled her eyes, and she thought she would allow them to flow without restraint. They did flow and she had believed to be all dead and dead. How soon the autumn of her life had come! It was tranquil; it might be sweet; but the gladness of springtime is the one irrevocable joy that, in this world, can never be granted to us again.

When at length her bowed head was lifted, some one spoke to her in a calm tone that she had heard before. She looked up, started and yet strangely quieted, and met the gaze of the speaker. It was Mr. Sidney, the chaplain.

"You are in trouble," said the quiet voice, with its penetrating sweetness. "You are in trouble, and you need help and comfort."

As he stood there, tall and of dignified bearing, she found courage to glance at him a second time. He was a man who looked as if he would stand alone with a single prop and a-

though he had a most benign face, it was an expression of authority. While he was speaking Olive had dried her last tears, and she answered him with a gentle frankness that touched him.

"I have had sorrow, but it is over," she said. "I came here because the place is so still and restful; and then I began to cry myself out."

"You are looking tired," he was watching her nervously, and read the signs of quiet patience in her beautiful young face. "Do you live far off?"

"Oh, no! I live with my uncle who is a bookseller close by. Last Sunday I came here for the first time. It was a surprise to come suddenly on this green spot; I had been longing for a sight of grass and trees, for I was born in the country."

The chaplain knew well enough that this steady girl had been a refugee to many who were "born in the country." He had seen men and women come here to renew the youth of the spirit under these trees. There are few spots left about the head; and why Lord and Lady Lightowler in Mayfair never sold a word nowadays, when they chanced to be left alone together. He possessed the rare gift of unobtrusive hearts, and such a gift is only held by one who is a born director and spiritual guide of men.

Mr. Sidney had no mystical tendencies. His life was too busy; he took too intense an interest in the lives around him to have time for mystical thoughts. He believed strongly in the helping power of human agency and had all kinds of questions referred to him by all kinds of persons. He did not write books; he preferred to live in people's hearts rather than in the shelves of their libraries. Even his sermons were rarely to be found in print, and in short he was not one of those men who do not leave a great name behind them. To do his work thoroughly while he lived here; to lift others out of the slough of despond and lead them with a firm hand up to those delectable mountains where his own soul rejoiced in pure air, this was his daily task.

Before Olive left the old churchyard the chaplain had learned her simple history, and was quietly devising plans for her future good. She went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day.

"Uncle," she said, "I have found a new friend; or, rather, he has found me. It is Mr. Sidney."

Samuel looked at her with a smile of infinite content. "I have been waiting," he answered. "I knew a fresh wind would blow into your life, but I did not know what quarter it would come from."

CHAPTER XIV.

SEWARD AYLSTONE AT HOME.

"There is no reason why I should not bring her to see pictures," said the chaplain. "You say you can count upon Miss Villiers?"

"Most certainly," Seward answered. "Adeline is a comrade true and tried. Already she has seen Miss Winfield in the flower-shop, and does not wonder that I want to know more of her. There is not an atom of petty jealousy in Adeline; and her quality is a woman who is always willing that a man shall be happy in his own way. Poor girl! I wish I was quite sure about her happiness."

The chaplain and the painter had dined together and were now talking quietly over a bright fire. The weather was clear and cold; heavy curtains kept out all possible draughts; deep chairs invited rest; the warm light fell on paneled walls, painted by Seward's own hand. Here were golden wheat-ears, mingled with scarlet poppies and ox-eyed daisies; there was a mossy landscape with blue skies and a glimpse of shining water and dark rushes filled another panel; the next showed a fragment of snowy woodland. It was a perfect room to spend a winter evening in. The glow of the fire and the abundance in small arrangements for ease and comfort.

"She will soon be married, I suppose?" Mrs. Villiers told me that the time was almost fixed," said the chaplain.

"Granny wants to fix everything," cried Seward, in an angry tone. "Nothing is definitely settled yet. Adeline has not made up her mind, and I beg her not to be hurried. At least five times it occurs to me that we are all using the poor girl very badly. She is more and more surprised at Claud's curious language. No one has ever given her even the faintest hint of that disastrous affair of his."

"Has he not got over that affair?" the chaplain asked.

"No; and I don't believe he ever will. He swears that he behaved like a scoundrel."

"He wanted to marry Mrs. Villiers' companion. Was not that it?" said Mr. Sidney.

"Yes, my grandmother had suggested a young woman as maid,

as she was starting for the tropics. The girl was singularly clever and beautiful, and actually found her way into the old lady's affections. When they returned she was no longer maid, but companion. And then Claud met her in the house in Curzon street, and straightway fell in love."

"They must have attracted Mrs. Villiers' notice," said the chaplain. "She is keen-sighted, I fancy."

"No, she was quite blind. Moreover her mind was steadily set on marrying Claud to Adeline, and she thought of nothing else. It was a pity that her eyes were not opened sooner."

"But they were opened at last?"

"Yes; just when things had gone so far that it was a sin to interfere. Claud was passionately in love; and upon my word I believe that the girl was as good as gold. He had the honors published in a church that was never attended by anyone he knew, and everything was arranged between the pair. They were to steal off early on a Monday day to be married; but on the preceding Sunday Seward was discovered."

"How?" asked the chaplain.

"I can hardly tell. It was the house-keeper who had set a watch, I think. Anyhow, Mr. Villiers' men stepped upon them in a storm of fury, and the companion was sent out of the house that very day. She thought, of course, poor girl, that her lover would keep his word at all costs, but she leaned upon a broken

reed. He did follow her, but it was only to leeward his own weakness and beg to be set free."

The chaplain's contempt was too strong to be put into words; and Seward went on:

"He got me released, it seems, easily enough. The girl was as proud as an empress, too proud even to load him with reproaches. She let him go in silence, and then vanished out of his life for good. But he had given grand words when she was leaving or dead."

There was a pause, a flame leaped up brightly, shining on the chaplain's thoughtful face, which looked sterner now than Aylstone had ever seen it. When Mr. Sidney broke the hush he spoke in a tone of deep indignation.

"And you will let Miss Villiers marry her cousin without hearing a word of this story, Aylstone?"

"She came in one day quite gayly, and told me that she was engaged to Claud," Seward replied. "I went to him, and urged him strongly to tell Adeline everything. But he had given grand words when she was leaving or dead."

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"I have not flattered her in the least," remarked Seward, and then, without further comment, he carried the picture out of the light, and put it gently down in the corner once more. Only this time the face was not turned towards the wall.

They went downstairs and parted somewhat gravely in the hall.

"On Saturday afternoon," the chaplain said, "I was bringing Miss Winfield to the house in Curzon street, and Seward returned to the friendless and meditated, until the warmth and quietness drew him away into dreamland. In sleep he saw the fair face hovering near another, whose richer, darker beauty was always in his waking thoughts. And it seemed to him that the golden-haired woman looked at him with mute entreaty as if praying that the brown-eyed girl might have a happier fate than her own."

He woke up suddenly with two lines of an old song ringing in his ears, and then he remembered that the man who had been in the house in Curzon street, and where under the green grass of the old Savoy churchyard. He went up to his room with a firm step and a resolute heart, singing George Withers' well-known words in an undertone:

"I would die for thee shouldst give."

Seward Aylstone had gone regularly to the chapel on Sundays for years. He belonged to the crowd of deep thinkers who gathered round Mr. Sidney, and found rest and refreshment in his teaching. There was a freshness and quietness in the chaplain's sermons; his voice guided his hearers to the green pastures and still waters of life. He was a man who was an eager teller, spending himself on his art, felt the good of this restful influence.

One day he saw Olive among the congregation and followed her, as he had seen, to her own door. Other Sundays came, and he saw her again and again, and he longed to speak to her and know her. And then he opened his mind to the chaplain.

Mr. Sidney already knew something of Samuel Wake, and had gone to the book-seller's house and talked to Olive in her own home. It did not surprise him that Seward had fallen in love with this girl's face, for the face had a soul shining through it, and Seward was not the man to linger over a lamp without a flame. Nor did it surprise him that the painter should frankly ask for his help in his art. He was accustomed, as we know, to give counsel to the perplexed, and aid to those who could get assistance from no other quarter. Moreover, he knew that a man's "heart" was in the head.

"In the heart or in the head?" he may develop into one of those deep lovers which are the blessing or the curse of a woman's life.

Every love affair is a mystery, and those who bring two persons together do not know whether they strike the first note of a dirge or a Te Deum.

CHAPTER XV.
"IT IS LUCK."

It was a red-letter day with Olive when Mr. Sidney took her to the painter's studio.

She had been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy with Uncle Wake, and he had pointed out all the works of great artists. She had tried spellbound before a picture of Seward Aylstone's and had tried afterwards to describe it to Michael. But Michael never had patience enough to listen to descriptions. He always grumbled every moment that was not spent in talking about himself.

Two visitors were already in the studio when they went in. Miss Villiers was there, dressed in deep blue, and she came forward and held out her hand to Olive. In the background was a tall, weary young man, whose face was like an ivory cameo, perfectly cut and colorless. And the girl remembered afterwards that the broad, unhappy look had chilled her for a moment. But she was a little agitated on her entrance, and answered the first words addressed to her with a bright blush, which reassured Aylstone of the direction he saw her under the larches at Kew.

Her nervousness vanished when she turned to the pictures. Here were poets, soldiers, statesmen, whose names were well known in the history of our own times. Here were women, fair and stately, whose beauty had won them a transitory fame; and children who had been taken from the loom of the canvas. And there were other pictures, full of mystic meaning; angels watching from the summits of the everlasting hills; a man standing on the bank of a dark river, looking across the water to the other side, where a woman walked in solemn light.

While she gazed the painter talked to her, explaining this and that, with the confidence and readiness of one enough to ask questions. Mr. Sidney stood a little apart and chatted with Adeline, while Claud Villiers, standing near his cousin, hardly spoke at all.

Seward had led his visitor to the far end of the studio, and Adeline, near the fire, was still talking to the chaplain, when a faint cry from Olive startled them all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Woman's Way
Mr. Wickwore—What are you doing into my ornate pocket for? There is nothing in them you ought to see.

Mr. Wickwore—No? But I thought there possibly might be something or other I oughtn't to see.—Ludlanspolice Journal

Miss Quildiver—I write stories, you know. I am in trouble. What do you think of my new story? It is called "The old fool hum to dinner."

It will never be known exactly how the city council managed to explain things.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

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SANDBAGS NOT IN VOGUE.

The Modern Methods Used by Highway-men in Robbing Victims.

"You hear a great deal about 'sand-bagging' just now," said a central station detective. "The sandbag is no longer used by a professional criminal; there are better ways of robbing a man than by knocking him over the head with a weapon which, if found on the person, would make it pretty hard for him to escape the rough hand of the law."

"The sandbag, anyhow, is an ancient weapon. If the pounding into insensibility is desired, a 'billy' is far handier than a sandbag. Nowadays the crooks carry as few evidences of their calling as possible. A vast number of them go entirely unarmed. As for the highway-men, many of them have merely a revolver or 'billy' when pursuing their peculiar business."

"The old, old system of grooving is the favorite method in vogue, and this is done with certain modern details. The victim, a man, is crowded into insensibility and hurt so as to be permanently disabled, is left with a temporary feeling of distress, with the safety of the highwayman is assured as it was under the plan. The modern highwayman wears a two, three or four. Usually they go in pairs. It is late at night we'll find a street is almost deserted. A pedestrian hurries along. He sees and hears him two men walking slowly, almost by side. Perhaps they stagger a little, as if intoxicated. As the fellow in a hurry nears them they separate to let him pass between them. When they see this move you can guess the fellow is a highwayman. As our friend passes between them the nearest him throws an arm deftly under his chin and the other under his throat, pinches any outer garment. The fellow punches him in the breast-belt. You know how a man feels when he's hit in the stomach. In a minute they have tilted his coat, his hat has disappeared, and the victim, dazed and disoriented, is lying on the ground recovering from the shock."

"With an occasional variation to suit circumstances, this is the favorite method of the highwayman. When the plan of holding a revolver under a man's nose. Some still use the 'billy,' snatching up to their victim from behind. But they are bunglers. If two men are walking ahead of you, or are coming toward you, and separate to let you pass between them, don't pass. Take the middle of the street and be prepared to run."

"When highwaymen travel in pairs they work this way. The quietest stand at a corner waiting for a victim. They see him in the distance approaching. Two of the crooks walk ahead. The third is waiting about a corner, ready to pounce after them. He hits him in the other two robbers. The man is surrounded—two crooks half a block ahead of him, two half a block behind. This procession is kept until a favorable spot is reached. The men ahead slacken their pace. The man behind hastens. The victim is hemmed in. The chances are that he will meet with violence, for these fellows are desperate. They use a revolver or 'billy' and drag their victim into an alley if one is near. It is a bad trap to fall into."

"A man who is held up generally doesn't care about the robbery, he loses so much as the danger. Some highwaymen are unnecessarily brutal; but the experts resort to no needless violence."—Chicago Tribune.

SHOWING THE TELEPHONE.

The Friendly Broker and His Country Cousin.

He was fresh from the dewy rains of Wayback, and having come up to town for a real old rip-roaring time, the idea struck him that his cousin by marriage, a well-known local attorney, would be just the man to assist him in having it. During the conversation which ensued the eyes of the rural gentleman were turned upon the telephone which hung in one corner of his relative's office. A telephone was something new to him! He had heard of them in a general way, but had never seen one in operation, so he expressed a desire "to see 'em thing wike."

"Through this little instrument," remarked the city cousin, after committing the customary and verbal assault upon the "country" man, "I am able to talk directly with my wife, who at present is in my house in Harlem, and hear her replies distinctly."

"Ah, hello! hello! is that you, dear?" cried the "country" man, just wanted to tell you that cousin thing is here to see you."

"Now, cousin," concluded the broker, handing the receiver to him, "if you'll listen carefully you'll hear exactly what she has to say."

He listened. Then he backed away from the instrument with a pained expression.

"Well," queried the broker, with a friendly smile, "what did she say?"

"She said, 'I hope you won't bring 't' old fool hum to dinner.'"

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